

St. Indignatious
(to self-righteous heroes, a warning)

I use to be a god you know,
Bravely withstood every blow.
Indignant as the morning sun
Enemies many, prisoner's none.
I held the power in my hand
To turn King's castles into sand
I was so wise in those days
Solomon had to leave and clear the way.
But like always when heroes rise,
I was only so in one man's eyes.
And to my position I was not appointed
Did so myself, and so, disappointed.
How harsh a drop Lucifer had to fall
I counted myself, a million miles in all.
Fell to earth with a crash.
Felt my crown turn from gold to ash.
I must confess to you I lied
I was not a god in flesh disguised.
Sins against flesh are easily mended.
But those against conscience cannot long be ended.

Bruce Werner
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